

# DARING MRS. POWELL COTTON TELLS OF HER ADVENTUROUS HIPPO HUNT IN AFRICA

HER HUSBAND, WITH DEADLY AIM, BRINGS DOWN HUGE BEAST OF THE WILDOOD—SHE NURSES 20 SICK MEN BACK TO HEALTH.

## CHAPTER V.

By Mrs. H. Brayton Powell-Cotton.

On our return journey, after leaving the forest behind us, we spent some time near the last Kongo post of Kasindi. Camp was pitched on a hilltop overlooking a gleaming stretch of Lake Albert Edward. It was a beautiful spot. Below us, bounded in the purple distance by a chain of mountains, lay a rich grass plain, intersected by a narrow strip of brush, where elephant and buffalo loved to shelter. Behind us, a higher line of almost barren hills hid numbers of antelope in their brown hollows and little green ravines.

It was at this camp that an outbreak of tick fever attacked our safari and I soon had over twenty men too sick to move, while several were delirious. My husband was also laid up, and the doctor far away. By dint of making soup daily for my patients and sitting over them till they swallowed it, they made rapid progress, with one exception.

This was a lad who remained delirious for many days. At last one afternoon I thought him so far recovered that with a little care, I could pull him through. Hurrying back to

the tent in great glee, to tell my husband the good news, I caught sight of a hippo gamboling in the lake close to the little tongue of land that lay out into the sparkling water like a large green lizard. In a few moments we were both off at full speed down the hillside, struggling into our coats as we went for the light would soon be fading and we had to hurry our steps.

Through a marshy bottom we splashed unheeding and pushed along the sandy spit covered with clumps of bush and fringed by reeds and rushes. The road was rough. Every now and then we tripped over some wandering root, or sank over our ankles in the sand.

But at last we were on the spot, and, dipping down under the rushes, we crept on to a narrow strip of well-strewn shore. But the hippo had vanished.

Not there it rose, a small, gray patch in the ever darkening waters, about 200 yards away. My husband sank on one knee, rifle at shoulder, while we covered in the sand behind, all eyes strained on the spot where the beast had sunk again.

Meanwhile the waves dashed up on the beach at our feet with the roar of the sea. Again the hippo rose. Two reports rang out, and the grap patch dipped suddenly under, for the bullet had gone home.

Soon, through a little turf of wind-tossed reeds to our left, we saw another beast push out his nose to take in a breath of cool evening air, and a single shot sent it also under the surface. There was now nothing to

do, my husband told me, but wait for morning, when, if the animals were killed, their bodies would have risen to the surface.

By dawn the men had spied a hippo carcass floating, and the whole camp was buzzing, happy in the anticipation of the good fat feasting in their camp pots. Nearly the whole safari streamed off down hill and waded out into the lake, to attach ropes of every sort and description to the animal's legs before they dragged it in.

And justly they must have sung meanwhile, for away up on the hillside, as we watched the scene from the veranda, snatches of their choruses were faintly wafted to us.

At 10, they had dragged the body close to a landing place and down we went to see it tugged up on the strand. What was my amazement on drawing near the spot to distinguish among the yelling men my invalid, about whom I had been so anxious, pulling and shouting up to his waist in water! But when I gave him up as a dead man after that, it was not long before he was fit to return to his work.

At last the hippo was landed and there she lay among the myriads of dainty shells upon the sand, a hideous red lady, with one bullet in her brain and a slight cut on the scalp. My husband only waited to see the head skin carefully cut away. When we left the spot, some of the men were busy skinning it down, while the rest stripped the ugly swollen carcass to get at the meat.

(To be continued.)



KILLING OF THE GREAT HIPPO. African Natives Shown Cutting Fat Meat for Their Flesh Pots, Mrs. Powell-Cotton Superintending Work.

## HISTORY OF BIG MINES OF TODAY IN GRANT COUNTY

The Ups and Downs of the Burro Mountain Treasure Box-Tyrone and Comanche Companies--What the Gulf Copper Co. Is Doing.

Silver City, N. M., May 11.—About twenty-five years ago Colonel P. R. Smith, now a resident of Denning, opened up and practically developed the mines now owned, and operated by the Burro Mountain Copper company. Soon after he commenced operations, and before the property was fully developed the bottom dropped out of copper, having rapidly declined from 15 to 3 1/2 cents. This made further operations impracticable at the time, and the mines were closed down and patented, and held by the company until the late reaction came. When they were sold to the Burro Mountain Copper company for a sum closely approximating one-half a million dollars, and since which the property has been extensively developed and has for the past two years been producing at the rate of \$30,000 to \$75,000 per month. They now have immense bodies of ore uncovered, and an estimated supply of ore blocked out, to run their 300-ton mill for ten years. This property is now valued on a dividend paying basis at over five million dollars, and no stock for sale even on its basis. Under the company's plans to increase the capacity of their plant, the output will soon be doubled.

Then comes the Tyrone Development company, which some twelve months since, purchased through the agency of Colonel P. R. Smith what has long been known as the Burro Group, chief of copper properties of twenty-four claims, for which they paid the neat little sum of one quarter million dollars, and up to date have spent in development work, and improvements over one hundred thou-

sand dollars. With results that read like a romance at depths of 150 feet to 400 feet they have uncovered ore bodies ranging from 20 feet to 150 feet in width in four different shafts. The Tyrone Development company organized with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, and in less than eight months development, the stock advanced from \$10 par value to \$50 per share, or on a basis of \$240,000 and more recent explorations have justified the capitalization of thirty million dollars now known as the Chimney Copper company, ten millions of which goes into the treasury of the company to be used only in the purchase of other properties, and for further developments. This is a close corporation and no stock so far has been offered to the public. Then comes the Comanche Mining and Smelting company, who own over 100 copper claims in the Burro mountains, some of which they are rapidly developing into big producers. This company also owns a number of gold claims in Pinos Altos, some of which are producing handsomely. This company owns the narrow gauge railroad from Silver City to Pinos Altos, eighteen miles, a large 500-ton concentrating plant, and a 250-ton smelter, all of which are in successful operation. This company is capitalizing at five million dollars, and the stock is selling close to par. This extensive property under the management of Mr. Laughlin, who deserves great credit for bringing this valuable combination to a successful issue.

The National Copper Co. This company is operated by St.

Louis capitalists, under the immediate management of Mr. Laughlin, who selected a group of claims about 1 1/2 miles westerly from the Burro mountain and Tyrone company properties, and has been steadily developing the property for over twelve months, and with splendid results. The company has uncovered large bodies of sulphide ore, at depths of 200 to 300 feet from the surface, to justify the erection of a 250-ton plant at once. This property was purchased two years ago by the company at a nominal figure, and now with only probably \$50,000 expended in development the property is valued at over one million dollars. It is capitalized at \$1,200,000, and now stock for sale at par. This company has within the last week purchased adjoining claims at an outlay of about \$1,000,000.

The Copper Gulf company is also doing extensive development on mining property with very satisfactory results. Bob Thompson owns some very valuable prospects, two of which are developed from 50 to 150 feet with every indication of becoming good producers at no distant day. The new camp on Iron creek in the Burro Mountains owned by Silver City and Denning business men, consists of 60 claims and from surface indications and development so far as prospected, promises to be one of the greatest strikes in the now famous district. The owners are forming a syndicate to further explore and develop the property. They will follow the footsteps of their successful neighbors, and confidently look forward to similar results and success. It is now predicted by the most able experts and the most practical and successful mining men that the Burro Mountain Copper district will be second to none in the United States. The results already obtained at the comparatively small cost will compare favorably with other great camps at ten times the cost of this, and it is predicted that there will be more big producers in the Burro mountain district, according to area than any other copper district in the north or south-west. The Burro mountain district has been peculiarly fortunate in the character of the men who are operating the mines. They are able, practical and experienced, with any amount of capital at command to carry out any enterprise which they may undertake. There are no ten-cent fake stock jobbing adventures in this camp and no room for such.

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## TRIBUTE BY REV. HUGH A. COOPER TO EX-GOV. EDMUND G. ROSS

The following is the discourse of Rev. Hugh A. Cooper, of the Presbyterian church, over the remains of Ex-Governor Edmund G. Ross, at the Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon:

He served his generation and fell asleep. Acts 13:36. Whatever things are true, whatever things are honorable, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, think on these things.

These texts I believe to be appropriate and suggestive on such an occasion as this. To be able to say of a man when he is gone that he served his generation is no small honor. Indeed, it is to say the greatest thing that is possible to be said, for service also involves character. There are some whom we can say they were good men, but their goodness is of a negative sort.

There are other men who are positively wicked, and of whom, as we stand at their bier, we have the sad consciousness that the shadow which they have cast in life has been a malevolent one. There are other men who stand for nobility of character and self-sacrifice in service, and among such men was Edmund G. Ross. He doubtless had his frailties and his failings, but all are agreed in this that both in private and public life he stood for the qualities mentioned by the apostle, viz: The things which are true, honorable, just and pure. What an honor to say of a man when he is dead (an honor far above that of saying that he was a senator or governor), "He served his generation in the things which are true, honorable, just and pure." And his was not the service of a few months, or even years, but of a generation. His lot was cast in a stormy period and he was strong enough to breast the storm. He showed his courage as well as his patriotism in responding promptly to the call to arms. But the courage of the battlefield is not the highest grade of courage. It is easier by far to face the violence of the battlefield than to incur the wrath of public opinion. Edmund G. Ross proved his valor in the field and gained promotion because of his fidelity and loyalty. His service to his country was recognized in his appointment to the United States senate, and later by the legislature who elected him as a member of that body. No man had a better opportunity for long life of public honor than he, if he had done the things that his state wanted him to do. But the voice of the people is not always the voice of God. Mr. Ross was right and the great state of Kansas was wrong. The world recognizes this today, and from being saved from the disgrace to which it was exposed, it may well lay its tribute of respect on the bier of Edmund G. Ross.

Now that quality of courage which will defy public sentiment like that which met Mr. Ross is rarer today than it ought to be. Though that vote of his meant a seeming dishonor, a departure from public life, a going back to the humble walks of life to gain a livelihood, it was cast, nevertheless. It is said that our republican form of government is still on trial, my fellow-citizens, do we not need the example of such a life as this today?

"God give us men, a time like this demands. Strong minds true faith and willing hands Men whom the world of office cannot kill, Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy, Men who have opinions, and a will Men who have honor, men who will not lie."

I believe we are coming to a time when manhood in public life will be appreciated, when the grater will be scorned and regarded as he should be a traitor to his country. Edmund G. Ross was a man of conviction, a man who placed conscience above material consideration. He was a man of old school, a true gentleman in every sense of the word. Notwithstanding life's adversities he was an optimist. He was a lover of music. When in Lawrence, Kansas, he sang in the choir of the Congregational church. His favorite hymn was old Antioch, Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King: Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.

Let us think of him as a true patriot, who altho buffeted by storms, which must have tried his righteous soul, has nevertheless entered the haven of rest. As he loved the songs of Zion let us believe that beneath the waves in his heart of hearts he had a love also for Zion's king.

## AN IMPRESSIVE INTERVIEW OVER THE 'PHONE

"Hello, Hello," shouted an uptown grocer; he held the receiver to his mouth for a moment, while he frowned slightly and impatiently. Then a smile transformed his features. "Oh," he said, "The Alvarado, all right, I'll hold it a minute. I suppose it is a pause; eight or ten women who were waiting, figured. 'Yes, Mrs. Harvey,' shouted the grocer, into the phone. 'This morning's order. Yes, and the goods have been sent; they should be at your place now; it won't be long before they arrive. How is Mr. Harvey feeling today? Good. I'm glad to hear it. Yes, thank you. All right, good bye.' One of the customers who had been waiting for the proprietor to wait upon her while he was busy with 'Mrs. Harvey,' said, sarcastically to a woman who stood by her side: 'That makes me tired, every time that man gets a store full of customers, as he frequently does at this time of day, he always has a call from some wealthy person in the neighborhood. No, of course I don't trade here—that's what I am getting at. They are fake calls, and he never talks to those whose names he speaks so loudly. Why does he do it? A brief make my patrons think that the swellest persons in this part of town buy at his store.'

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